

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1881.

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By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

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7. "—"	—	8. "ARGUMENT" ...	3 6
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13. "—"	—	14. "RECOLLECTION" ...	4 0
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FORM OR DESIGN IN VOCAL MUSIC.

THE BALLAD, OR PEOPLE'S SONG.

(Continued from page 481.)

We have now traced our English ballads from a three-fold descent—from the ancient Bard or Scald, the creator, poet, or maker of poems with their music, from the Provençal and Latin balade or love-poem, and from the English carol or dancing song, ditty or ballett.

Morley, in 1597, describes the music of the Italians in his time, and mentions the custom of "dancing to voices" as a thing familiar to him. He says the Italians use a light kind of music, "which they tearm ballette or daunces, and are songs, which, being sung to a dittie, may likewise be daunced; these and all other kinds of light" (i.e. secular) "music, saving the madrigal, are by a general name called ayres. There be also another kind of ballets, commonly called fa las—the first set of that kind which I have seen was made by Gastoldi" (who lived from about 1550 to 1600). "A slight kind of musicke it is, and, as I take it, devised to be daunced to voices." Morley wrote several pieces in imitation of these, and his example was followed by Weelkes, Hilton, and other scholastic musicians. Some of these are more elaborate compositions than the ordinary ditty or dance tune, though still keeping the rhythmic character. The following is one of the simpler of the balletts written by Morley.

Ex. 7.

5 VOICES. CANTUS, ALTUS, QUINTUS, TENOR, & BASSUS.

Now is the month of May - ing When mer - ry lads are

play - ing, Fa la la la la la la la, Fa la

la la la la la. Each with his bon - ny lasse up -

on the greeny grasse. Fa la la

Fa la la la la la la la la la la

The spring, clad all in gladnesse,
Doth laugh at winter's sadnesse,

Fa la la &c.

And to the Bagpipe's sound
The Nimphes tread out their ground,

Fa la la &c.

Eye then, why sit we musing,
Yewthe's sweet delight refusing,

Fa la la &c.

Say, dainty nimphes, and speake,
Shall wee play barly-breake,

Fa la la &c.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

GOD KNOWS BEST.*

There has been no such storm known on the coast of Shetland for fifty years. A large number of boats have been lost, with all hands.
—*Scotsman*, July 30.

She saw his boat at daybreak
Unfurl the broad brown sail,
And bear away to windward,
Before the fresh'ning gale.
The gale became a tempest,
Ere yet his nets were cast,
The sea was lashed to fury,
As Death rode down the blast.

Her neighbours gathered round her,
Out on the wooden pier,
Each face was pale with terror,
Each heart was bowed with fear;
For husbands, fathers, brothers,
Fought in that wild North Sea,
With a rock-bound coast ahead,
And breakers on their lee.

She saw the fleet returning,
With many a broken spar,
Each hardy fisher striving
To gain the harbour bar.
His boat came not amongst them,
Up from the dusky west,
For an angel seized the rudder,
And steered—as God knows best.

* Copyright.

WETSTAR.

AMSTERDAM.—Hector Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony," (*Épisode de la Vie d'un Artiste*) was recently given, under the direction of M. Stumpf, in the Park-Hall, so successfully that it had to be repeated at the next concert.

MUNICH.—From the 7th Annual Report of the Royal School of Music, we learn that at the end of the scholastic year lately concluded, the number of female students was 84, and of male, 75. The professorial staff comprises 34 members, in addition to Baron von Perfall, the director. There were 10 performances, besides "trial concerts" on the 3rd, 10th, and 15th July. Dr W. Königswarter's prize of 400 marks for dramatic singing and composition, for 1880, was carried off by Friedrich Sander, of Kaiserlautern. The School re-opens on the 16th September.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The annual distribution of prizes took place on Saturday the 23rd of July, in the concert-room of the Academy, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

Professor Macfarren (Principal of the Academy), prior to the distribution, said:—

Lady Frederick Cavendish, Ladies and Gentlemen, my dear young friends,—It is my pleasure, as it is my privilege, to welcome your Ladyship on this occasion to the Royal Academy of Music, at the grand festival of our Academical year. We come to-day to the distribution of the awards for the hard work which has brought our Students to the advancement which merits these proofs. I have particularly to thank your Ladyship for your presence here, at the shortest notice, to take the place of the distinguished lady who had previously promised to distribute the awards. (Applause.) Mrs Gladstone has particularly endeared herself to the students of the Academy by having been kind enough to undertake the task on various occasions, and to add to the interest of her presence by attending one of the concerts to witness the merits of those pupils who had previously received awards at her hands. We have to regret her absence to-day on account of the state of her health, but so much greater must be our gratitude to Lady Frederick Cavendish. (Applause.)

I have first to speak to-day of the continued prosperity of the Royal Academy of Music. At this moment the number of pupils in the Institution is higher than it has been at any former period. (Hear, hear.) It is important, ladies and gentlemen, to notice this on the occasion when we are now assembled, because there is a saying, rife in high quarters, which has within this week been formulated into a letter to very important authorities, to the effect that there is no musical institution in Great Britain where the talent of young musical artists can be cared for, cultivated, nourished, and brought to maturity, and that, in consequence of that, certain statistics show that a large number of musical students go to Germany for their education; whereas, it is an obvious fact before our notice that at the present moment there are students from the United States of America, from France, and from Germany, learning within our walls (applause)—certainly not because there are no other means of acquiring a musical education than by coming to England, but as certainly proving that Englishmen may receive culture in our beautiful art within their native land. (Hear, hear.) Thanks are due to those directors of public institutions who have given to the students the opportunity of witnessing performances in the establishments under their management, especially to the directors of the Crystal Palace, who placed tickets for their very highly prized concerts at the disposal of the students, and also to Mr Gye and to Mr Mapleson for admissions to their operahouses. Much is to be learnt from example as well as from precept, and the example of masterly works with masterly execution is invaluable to those who are striving to produce, and striving to render the productions of others. It has been alleged that foreign cities offer advantages of this class to the embryo artist in music which are unattainable in our own country; but the world holds not a locality wherein the musical excellence of all nations is so largely congregated as in London, and students of the Academy are privileged to hear and to learn from the brightest ornaments of art. (applause.) We have to thank those friends of the Academy and enthusiastic friends of music who have acted as judges at the competitions for our Memorial Prizes—memorials either of the eminence of some departed musicians whose merit endears them to posterity, or else of the generosity of some living persons who offer these incentives to the endeavour of our aspirants. The judges are all of high distinction in the ranks of the musical profession, and they prove their zeal for music as well as their kindness to the Academy in coming and listening to the competition for these particular prizes; and in order that there should be no possibility of prejudice of one professor in favour of his pupils over the pupils of another teacher, those persons, who are strangers to the whole course of instruction, have devoted their time and attention to the competition for the memorial prizes. (applause.) We owe thanks to the several members of our own professoriate who have officiated on the examining boards for the several departments of examination—singing, pianoforte, organ, orchestral instruments, and that very important branch of study: harmony. Those gentlemen have spent many long,

anxious hours, and given the utmost pains to scrutinizing the claims of the students. We have to thank, in the most cordial manner, the professors of this Institution for the zeal they have evinced throughout the year in the cultivation of the young talent entrusted to their care, and for the anxiety they have shown on all occasions for the welfare of their pupils—not only in their studies, but in the moral influence which a teacher can exercise. (applause.) Such is the case with our professors, and such is their claim to our thanks, which I now beg to tender in the name of the Committee of Management to the professors of the Institution. Among the professorial staff are several foreigners of high renown, who have settled in this country, and who give us the benefit of their distinguished ability in the rearing of our young students. (applause.) Many others of our present professors received their musical education in this Academy. Thus is our school an ocean whose waters are knowledge which is drawn up as vapour by the glowing ardour of youthful emulation, then to be displayed in the beautiful cloud forms that give enchantment to the face of nature, anon to drop as rain into the earth and be modified by the mental chemistry of the intermixture of thoughts from many sources, and so purified to stream into the sea again, and pass again and ever again through the same metamorphic course.

Let me now describe the particular process of the recent adjudication. The pupils who sit in the balcony have entered the Academy within the Academical year, and are thus not eligible for prizes. To gain a prize in this institution it is necessary to show the results of a whole year's work; and those who have entered within the year are therefore, however deserving of encouragement, not entitled to an award. The memorial prizes are given for the accomplishment of a particular task, and there can be only one recipient in the case of each. All the subsequent prizes have been gained not in competition but by any pupil whose merit has reached the level which the examiners have thought worthy of reward.

The highest distinction an Academy pupil can receive is a certificate of merit, which acknowledges that that pupil has obtained, step by step, all the lower awards. Some who have received those lower awards, and are not fully entitled to certificates of merit, but are yet very high in the rank of musical art, are commended. Then, those who are entitled to a silver medal must have received in a previous year a bronze medal.

In the department of singing it is especially to be understood to-day that the Board of Examiners resolved, before hearing any candidate, that it was of the highest importance to make the standard very exalted. They prescribed tasks which every candidate for a silver medal in singing must fulfil to their satisfaction. Those tasks are extremely difficult; and although several of our singing candidates have appeared successfully before the public, in our Academical concerts, and in different localities throughout the country, and have received the acknowledgment of the public at large, our singing Board has not been content to send such not yet perfect artists before the world with the high acknowledgment of an Academy silver medal. The Board have found that, possessing great merit, even the most successful pupils have still failed of the high point which must be the goal of ambition. Therefore, however much we regret it, no silver medal in the department of singing has been awarded. Not a few candidates, however, who have barely failed of the severe exactions by which they have been tested, have yet shown such high qualities as to have elicited commendation. Then come those who have previously received no award, and on the present occasion they receive bronze medals. There is yet another class, who have evinced merit, but have not come up to the standard of a bronze medal, and they receive commendation. The names of those commended are all printed in the list, and the pupils thus distinguished will, I am sure, preserve this prize list as a very high testimony to the merits which the examiners have found in their performances.

Professor Macfarren resumed his seat amid warm applause.

Lady Frederick Cavendish then distributed the prizes, and after the distribution, Professor Macfarren moved a cordial vote of thanks to Lady Frederick Cavendish for her kindness in having undertaken the task. In doing so he observed: "While the Royal Academy of Arts and the University of London have accepted female students, and the University of Cambridge has now decreed the admission of women to its examinations,

this Royal Academy of Music was the first public establishment in England which gave the privilege of its instruction to members of the female sex; and you have seen, by to-day's proceedings, how ladies can profit by the educational advantages here offered. It enhances the interest of this occasion that the gathering is governed by the presence of the distinguished lady to whom I now ask you to give your thanks." (Applause.)

Lady Frederick Cavendish, in reply to the compliment, which was passed with enthusiasm, said that her being the niece of Mrs Gladstone was her only claim to the interest of the assembly; that she was commissioned to convey that lady's regret for being unable to attend, and that she had pleasure in expressing her own gratification at being present.

PRECIOSA.

Preciosa, like the ballet of *La Gitana*, and like Balfe's so-called *Bohemian Girl*, is founded on Cervantes' romantic yet very real story of the *Gipsy of Madrid*; a tale as remarkable for its pictures of gipsy life as for the dramatic character of its incidents. In England the piece is scarcely known. In France it has been played at the Théâtre Lyrique; but the French libretto differs greatly from the story as told by Cervantes. In the Spanish author's novel of *The Little Gipsy*, *Preciosa*, the heroine, is a charming young Spaniard whom an old fortune-teller has brought up to gipsy life. She has a beautiful voice, and dances so prettily that every one falls in love with her as she trips about. She is introduced to the reader at the age of fifteen, when, with her guardian and a number of companions, she is on a visit to Madrid. Here her singing and dancing become the talk of the whole city, and she is invited to perform at some of the grandest houses. After earning in this way for the aged crone who has reared her, and who passes as her grandmother, immense sums of money, *Preciosa* learns that she has struck love into the heart of a noble knight, Don Juan de Carcamo by name, who one day enters the gipsy camp and tells his passion. With the approval of her supposed grandmother, *Preciosa* accepts the chivalrous suitor, but only upon certain conditions. These include the rather formidable one of his waiting two years for her hand; besides which he is required to adopt forthwith the life of a gipsy, and thus to prove the genuineness of his affection. Don Juan is willing to do all this; and, under pretext of going to Flanders, he takes leave soon afterwards of his father, and sets out with a large sum of money and a great deal of baggage, which, on joining the gipsy band, he divides with his newly adopted brethren. After being fully instructed as to the existence he will henceforth have to lead, Don Juan throws off his knight's garb and puts on more suitable attire, being now welcomed as the future husband of *Preciosa*, who in reality loves him. The happy pair now leave the neighbourhood of Madrid; and in their wanderings the "gentleman gipsy," as he is called, brings in as much money by his wonderful athletic skill as *Preciosa* does by her gentler arts. Everything, in fact, goes on most satisfactorily. The lovers are more than ever devoted to one another, and are longing for the time fixed for their union, when Don Juan is alarmed by the appearance of Don Sancho, a poet from Madrid, whom in his jealousy he suspects of being in love with *Preciosa*. The poet gains admission to the camp on the plea that some wounds which he has received from dogs during the night require dressing; and he proves, in fact, to be a certain person who, when *Preciosa* was in Madrid, had slipped a piece of money wrapped up in a poem into her hand. But there is no real ground for alarm; for although Don Sancho admires *Preciosa*, as no one could fail to do, he shows, nevertheless, no desire to carry her off from Don Juan. Scarcely, however, has the knight been reassured on this head, when he falls into another trouble of a different kind. While performing at Toledo he had inspired with affection one Juana Carducha, who, setting aside conventional forms, proposes to marry him. Upon hearing that he is already engaged to *Preciosa*, this determined woman devises a means for preventing his departure with the other gipsies. She places some of her jewellery in his box, and when he is about to leave the town accuses him of the theft. The box is opened, the articles are found, and poor Don Juan is cast into a dungeon. But unexpected happiness is at hand. The judge who is to pass sentence upon the imprisoned knight invites *Preciosa* to his house, where she quite fascinates both himself and his wife. The old guardian, who has all along kept the secret of *Preciosa's* birth, now confesses that she stole her when an infant from the magistrate's house; and by the aid of certain trinkets, appropriately produced, and a white mark on her arm, the "Little Gipsy" is fully identified by her delighted parents. Don Juan is let out of prison, and cleared from all suspicion by the repentant Juana Carducha,

who comes forward to confess the wrong she has done; and soon afterwards he marries *Preciosa*.

The opera was first produced at Dresden in 1822, and three years later was put on the Parisian stage under the title of *Les Bohémiens*. As brought out at Paris, however, the work was much disfigured; a complete rearrangement having been made, both of words and music, by Crémont and T. Sauvage; the former succeeding as completely in marring the beauty of Weber's score as the latter in spoiling the original verse of Wolf. But years afterwards, in 1858, justice was done to the opera at the Théâtre Lyrique, an effective libretto having in this case been supplied by MM. Naitter and Beaumont. In the French version *Preciosa* is the daughter of Choroos, chief of a gipsy tribe, over which she has absolute empire. Her father's troop becomes surrounded in the Sierra Nevada by forces under the command of the Captain-General of Andalusia, whose son has fallen in love with *Preciosa* on seeing her perform at Seville. The young gipsy's singing now attracts him into the mountains, where he is seized and held as hostage for the safe return of the endangered company to their own province. In reply to their demands, however, the Captain-General informs the gipsies that the prisoner is not his son, but a foundling whom he has adopted, adding that nothing can turn him from the path of duty. *Preciosa* in the meantime responds to her lover's suit and consents to marry the happy captive, who she feels sure is of noble origin. She now points out to her companions a subterranean passage, leading to a place of safety, in which the gipsies take refuge. The entrance is then closed up; and when the rigid Captain of Andalusia appears on the scene he can find no trace of the enemy.

Preciosa paints admirably the nomadic life led by gipsies; and apart from the interest presented by the drama, the chorus in the forest, echoed repeatedly by the horns, *Preciosa's* ballad, the picturesque march, and the pretty dance tunes, are among Weber's best productions of the kind.—*St James's Gazette*.

AN INVITATION.*

Come, come, ye loiterers in hot London air;
Come where for you earth dons her mantle fair.
Come, leave Pall Mall, and country biases woo,
Your mind invigorate and your strength renew.
For who can be quite blest who has not health?
Without it seem but phantoms rank or wealth,
Or fleeting pleasures money seems to give,
We but exist and breathe, we do not live.
Your holidays then spend in greenwood glade,
For nature there her beauteous shrine has made;
There, there, at least, all changeless is and true,
Not health alone, but faith we there renew.
The summer breezes, as they float along,
Bear on their scented gale earth's gladdest song,
'Neath glowing sun dance all the chattering larks,
The reaper, singing, binds his golden sheaves;
'Tis twixt flow'ry banks the river glides away,
And 'mid forget-me-nots the fairies play;
The rushes murmur, to a low soft tune,
How good this world on this sweet autumn noon,
And gazing in the stream, her amber hair
With flowers decking, stands a maid most fair,
So young and innocent, in whose eyes' deep hue
Seems mirror'd back the heaven's unclouded blue;
The forest-warblers, e'en without affright,
From leafy home gaze on the pretty sight.
As daylight wanes and stars bedeck the heaven
Soft sounds lone voice upon the summer even,
All nature seems to join in hymns of praise,
'T'wards th' eternal throne our hearts we raise;
For absent ones by land or sea we pray,
And peaceful slumbers crown the happy day.

* Copyright.

"CARLEON."

MONACO.—Great preparations have been made by M. Jules Cohen for the next operatic season at the magnificent theatre erected here by M. Ch. Garnier for the late M. Blanc. Fears are entertained by some persons that the recent death of M. Blanc may interfere with the realization of the present programme, but it is generally believed it will be carried out by M. Edmond Blanc, who will probably succeed his mother in the management of the gaming tables and subsidiary establishments.

ANDRÉ CAMPRA.

1697.*

III.

(Continued from page 465.)

Some years afterwards M^{me} Maupin returned to Paris and was really engaged at the Opera, making her first appearance in 1695 as the Pallas of Lully's *Cadmus*.

"The public went into transports of applause. To show her gratitude, she rose in her machine, and, taking off her helmet, saluted the assembly, who answered by renewed clapping of hands. She continued playing successfully the furious, the tender, and the comic style; she frequently sustained the principal parts in all three. One part, among others in which she excelled, as is allowed even by M^{lle} Rochois, who said she herself should not have liked to attempt it, so difficult did it appear, was that of Medea in the tragedy of *Médus*, brought out in 1702."†

Such was the artist whom Campra was lucky enough to find for the heroic Clorinde of his *Tancrède*, a part astonishingly well adapted to her physical qualities, her strange ways, her great dramatic talent, and, lastly, her admirable and exceptional voice. In helmet and breastplate, which suited her marvellously well, and which she wore with remarkable ease, her dazzling beauty shone with radiant splendour; nothing could have been better in a character of this kind than her haughty demeanour, her look full of daring, and her cavalier air. Her entrance on the stage in a costume so new for the spectators excited frantic applause. Besides her, moreover, the company of the Opera, rich at that period in valuable members, supplied the two authors of *Tancrède* with the elements of a first-class performance. Herminie was played by M^{lle} Desmatins, an artist full of tenderness and passion, who combined with rare beauty talent stamped with great pathetic power. As for Tancrède, the part was sustained by Thévenard, then in all the splendour of his youth and reputation, at the dawn of a career destined to be prolonged for more than forty years. Lastly, the important part of Argant was confided to a very distinguished artist, Hardouin, eclipsed by none save Thévenard, who, however, had compelled him to retire to the second rank. Thus cast, and put on the stage with the luxury and splendour already usual at the Opera, *Tancrède* was produced triumphantly on the 7th November, 1702. The exceptional value of the work considered in a musical light; the extremely remarkable way in which it was played; the richness of the framework surrounding a subject so happily adapted in itself to grand stage treatment; and, lastly, the selection of a subject, relatively modern and absolutely new to an audience subjected for more

* From *Le Ménestrel*.

† M^{me} Maupin's adventures are innumerable and of all kinds. Like the celebrated Chevalière d'Eon, she was noted, successively or simultaneously, for the most contrary tastes and habits; she dressed herself, just as the fit took her or according to circumstances, now as a man and now as a woman, and, being of a quarrelsome and vindictive disposition, often had recourse to the sword. Her comrade, Dumesnil, of the Opera, having one evening offended her, she dressed in male attire and waited for him, after the performance, in the Place des Victoires where she knew he must pass. Without revealing her identity, she insulted and endeavoured to make him fight. As he manifested no desire to gratify her wish, she gave him a sound thrashing, and, after taking his watch and snuff-box, left him stretched on the ground. The next day, in the green-room, he took it into his head to describe his adventure, with several gross violations of the facts; he asserted he had been attacked by three ruffians, against whom he had valiantly defended himself, though without being able to prevent them from robbing him. "It is a lie," said M^{me} Maupin, after listening to him. "You are nothing but a cur and a coward. You were attacked by me alone and the proof is that there is your watch and your snuff-box," and with these words she flung the articles in his face.—Thévenard, we are told, was nearly being treated by her in the same manner, and was obliged to apologise. On another occasion, when, dressed as a man, she was at a ball given at the Palais Royal by Monsieur, the King's brother, she annoyed a lady by unbecoming remarks. Three of the lady's friends took up her cause, and M^{me} Maupin, on being challenged, left the place without hesitation, and sword in hand killed all three opponents. She then quietly returned to the ball, disclosed her identity to Monsieur and begged him to obtain a pardon for her, which he did.

The end of this extraordinary woman was no less strange than her life. After breaking off her connection with Count d'Albert, she went for her husband, who had remained in the provinces, and lived with him most irremediably several years. She died in 1707, a pattern of virtue, aged thirty-three years and a few months.

than twenty years, in what concerned lyric tragedy, to the monotonous rule of historical or fabulous history; in a word: everything seemed to promise the work beforehand the success which it did not fail to achieve, and which was one of the most brilliant successes known for a long time.

The score, exceedingly fine as a whole, and remarkable for its general conception and the form of the different pieces (due allowance being made for the period when it was written) contains, in the way of inspiration, some admirable things. The composer has, in this work, given proof of astonishing fertility, and the richness of his imagination is equalled only by the suppleness of his hand and the elegance of a style as firm as well sustained, always elevated, often full of nobleness, and always marked by exquisite grace. Whether he has to paint Argant's fury, Clorinde's haughty pride, Herminie's melancholy, or Tancrède's desperate passion, he always hits on just and sincere accents, now fiery and ardent, now touching and full of emotion, now tender and languishing, and now inflamed to heroism or pathetic enough to break one's heart. For the benefit of those who would like to study a work so touching and so daring at one and the same time, I will point out more particularly certain pages of superior merit. They are, in the 1st Act, the duet between Argant and Isménor:

"Suivons la fureur et la rage. . . ."

so curious and original in form; in the third, Hermione's air:

"Cesseez, mes yeux, de contraindre vos larmes."

an air characterized by searching melancholy and remarkable for the way in which it is developed; and Argant's:

"Venez, venez, transports jaloux!"

which is fierce and sombre in character; and then in Act 4, Clorinde's air:

"Etes-vous satisfaits, devoir, gloire cruelle?"

of which the expression is so touching. But there are two pieces especially of this superb score which irresistibly command our attention, and should be taken together as constituting two productions of the first order, and giving the full measure of the author's dramatic temperament. I allude to Tancrède's air with chorus which forms the culminating point of the second act and that which he sings in the fourth. In the first of these, Tancrède, after vanquishing Clorinde's soldiers, restores them to liberty—Throw off your fetters, he says to them,

"Quittez vos fers, goûtez un sort plus glorieux,
Chantez, célébrez votre reine."

The musical phrase, very frank and unusually firm, is solidly established by the singer; it is then continued by the chorus of warriors and developed with great skill, leading up to a piece full of movement and warmth, of extraordinary scenic effect and vocal power, written with all the artifices of counterpoint and modulation, very close in form and marvellous in style. Rameau never conceived aught more vigorous, more finely coloured, or better worked out. As for the other air, it is utterly different in style and character. Tancrède, believing himself in the power of a magician, pours forth his regret at having lost Clorinde, and his grief at never seeing her again. He calls upon death to release him:—

"Sombres forêts, asile redoutable,
Vous que l'astre du jour ne pénètre jamais,
C'est assez vous troubler de mes tristes regrets;
Je vais finir mon destin déplorable."

The number is short and contains only two principal phrases, but the musical thought is so beautiful and so pure, the emotion flowing from it so poignant, the sorrow so desperate, and the style so full of nobleness and grandeur, that it is impossible to conceive anything more admirable and more finished. So much merit spread through so fine a work could not leave the public indifferent, so, as we have said, *Tancrède* achieved when first produced a brilliant success. The latter, which assumed all the proportions of a triumph, was prolonged far beyond the ordinary limits. Six important revivals sufficiently prove the fact and were always so well received that, when the piece was revived in 1750, it enjoyed a brilliant run of thirty-six nights. It was revived for the last time in 1784, sixty-two years after its first production, and we need not say how rare such a fact is.

(To be continued.)

A PIANOFORTE MUSEUM.

An article which appears in the current number of our contemporary, *L'Echo Musical*, having reference to some acquisitions recently made by the Museum of the Brussels Conservatoire, is worthy special notice. There could be no more convenient locality for a pianoforte museum than Brussels—the Charing Cross of Europe; and no more thoroughly efficient a custodian than M. Victor Mahillon, the zealous Director. After mentioning certain donations the article goes on to say:—

"The Museum has likewise received from Messrs John Broadwood & Sons, of London, five models of pianoforte actions, thus designated:

- "1° Square piano of Zumpe (1766).
- "2° Square piano of Broadwood (1780).
- "3° Grand piano of Broadwood (original model).
- "4° Grand piano of Broadwood (Southwell's Patent).
- "5° Grand piano of Broadwood (Kind's Patent).

"Some explanation is necessary to make the importance and utility of this liberal presentation understood.

"Mr Hipkins, of London, has inserted in his very remarkable contribution to the *History of the Piano* [art. *Pianoforte* in Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*], a catalogue (reproduced in the *Echo Musical*, June 30th) of the principal improvements effected in the construction of pianos since the beginning. This catalogue has given birth to the idea of uniting in the Museum of the Conservatoire, in a collection as complete as possible, the typical inventions, and especially the mechanical improvements, which illustrate the progress of the manufacture from its infancy, representing them by the agency of models reduced to a single key.

"The importance of such a collection methodically arranged, to amateurs and manufacturers alike, is so clearly evident as to render demonstration superfluous. It would give a complete idea of what experiments, what study and labour, have been necessary to elaborate the humble invention of Cristofori into the marvellously advanced instrument of our day. The history of the piano would thus become palpable, the eye at once appreciating that which written volumes might fail to set forth. In the hope that manufacturers might enter into the spirit and practical utility of such a scheme, the Museum applied to several of the most eminent; and not to impose upon their kindly expressed sympathy, or to make the collection too diffuse, begged them simply to indicate the most notable inventions claimed by each individually, or such as to a certain extent would embrace the results of a series of innovations less materially important.

"The Museum was not mistaken in its estimate of the generosity of the manufacturers applied to. The greater number have already expressed the pleasure it will afford them to comply, and the Messrs Broadwood, by the contributions above mentioned, have materially helped the undertaking at its commencement. To the consignment of inventions due to their firm has been added a model of the action introduced by Zumpe, in 1766. Mr Hipkins, moreover, the historian of the piano to whose obliging intervention the Museum is indebted for the gift in question, has just communicated that the Messrs Broadwood propose completing it shortly by two models of the piano action according to Cristofori, which will serve as basis to the growing collection. That the idea originated by the Museum cannot be speedily realized is plain; and, seeing that necessary types have disappeared, its complete realization may present serious difficulties. The results already secured, however, afford a happy augury for what is to come; and bearing in mind the readiness with which manufacturers have responded, it may be taken for granted that the Brussels Museum collection will, at no distant time, be at least one of more than ordinary interest."

NEW YORK.—The "Grand Musical Festival" held here, under the direction of Dr Damrosch, in May, proved so successful, artistically and pecuniarily, that a number of wealthy persons have subscribed the necessary funds for another such festival. Mr Theodor Thomas, who is to be the conductor of the new venture, will shortly leave for Europe to engage artists.

LEIPSIK.—C. H. Bitter, Prussian Minister of Finance, has presented a copy of each of his works, the *Biography of Bach*, the *Biography of Bach's Sons*, and the *History of Oratorio*, to the library about to be established for the students at St Thomas's School. In a letter to Dr Georgi, chief Burgomaster, he says he shall esteem it an especial honour and feel deeply delighted, to be represented by his works, however slight their value, in the town where J. S. Bach lived and worked.

DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

Days of my youth, ye have glided away,	Days of my youth, I wish not your recall,
Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and gray,	Hours of my youth, I'm content you should fail,
Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more,	Eyes of my youth, ye much evil have seen,
Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrow'd all o'er,	Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears you have been,
Strength of my youth, all your vigour is gone,	Thoughts of my youth, you have lead me astray,
Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown.	Strength of my youth, why lament your decay.

Days of my age, ye will shortly be past,
Pains of my age, yet awhile ye can last,
Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight,
Eyes of my age, be religion your light,
Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod,
Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your God!

W. G.

THE music of Hector Berlioz seems destined to more and more publicity. His *Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste* ("Symphonie Fantastique") was lately given in the great music hall (the "Park"), Amsterdam, under the direction of Mynheer Stumpff, with such success that it had to be repeated at the ensuing concert.

SIGNOR GRAZIANI, for so many years leading barytone at our Royal Italian Opera, has sold his magnificent house and grounds in Brianza; and the so-much-talked-of "Villa Beldosso," where the late proprietor received his friends with such frank hospitality, now belongs to a rich Milanese gentleman. Meanwhile, Graziani has returned to his native city, Fermo, in the Romagna, in the vicinity of which he owns another estate.

WAGNER'S NEW OPERA.—Richard Wagner has not yet made up his mind about the cast of *Parsifal*, which is to be produced a twelvemonth hence at Bayreuth. That Mme Patti will consent to embody the nondescript personage of Kundry, the temptress, is out of all likelihood. On the other hand it is equally unsuited to Mme Materna, the superb Brunnhilde of the *Walküre* and *Götterdämmerung*. To find a characteristically dramatic impersonator of Kundry, indeed, will be the poet-musician's chief difficulty. For Parsifal himself, moreover, the "inspired fool" and destined guardian of the "Grail," it will not be easy to meet with a wholly capable representative; while King Amfortas, with his incurable spear-inflicted wound and matutinal baths, must be a bore under any conditions. The remaining parts, including Gurnemanz, the venerable watchman of the Grail and its protecting knights, Klingsor the magician, temporary possessor of the holy spear and enemy to King Amfortas its whilom guardian, &c., may be readily disposed of. Wagner, moreover, has a way of surmounting obstacles formidable enough to perplex if not paralyse ordinary folk. Scenery of the most elaborate description, by the Brothers Brückner, is in preparation at Coburg (not at Munich, as reported), that portion which is finished already undergoing the process of "setting up" in the Festival Playhouse, under the superintendence of Herr Brandt, who so worthily distinguished himself five years ago, when the Tetralogy was presented in its entirety for the delight and astonishment of such a gathering of notables as probably had never before assembled within the precincts of one small city. Applications for admission to the first and second performances are still entertained by the Committee at Bayreuth, the members of the Wagner Association alone being eligible. On the other hand, it is easy to become a member by paying 45 marks, back subscriptions for the years 1878-80 (inclusive), and 15 marks annually, for 1881-84 (inclusive)—10 marks in all. This entitles the holders to witness one of the first two performances, as well as the grand rehearsal, or a subsequent performance, at choice. They will also be supplied, gratis (from the beginning of 1881 to the end of 1882), with the *Bayreuther Blätter*, containing the lucubrations of Herren Volzogen and Rubinstein (not Anton), which, directly instigated by the Prophet himself, can hardly fail to possess general interest, whether inside or outside the temple, for firm believers as for tottering sceptics, and to act as an additional incentive.—*Graphic*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SUPPINABLES.—Yes. Wagner has composed two pianoforte sonatas, both of which are published. Balin, although he smote the "Dolorous Stroke," which hurt King Pelles, has nothing to do with Klingsor of the Teutonic legend adopted by the Musician of the Future.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1881.



RICHARD WAGNER AND JOHANN HERBECK.*

(Continued from page 486.)

OVER-EXCITED self-consciousness and bitter discontent dwell side by side, like cause and effect, in many and many an artist's soul. With Wagner, both feelings have become a disease. We have seen in the letters quoted that he is never more out of temper than when an opera of his has been played anywhere. No matter whether he has been present or not, everything angers him. He will not allow a single good point in the Vienna performance of *Die Meistersinger*, till, driven at last into a corner, he admits that the

representative of Beckmeister may at least pass muster, and bestows decided praise on that gem—which we unfortunately do not set in gold—the orchestra at the Imperial Operahouse. This is the only instance of unconditional satisfaction in the letters now lying before us. In every other case, he does nothing but quarrel and scold. His critical feeling, developed in a one-sided manner, is never still; it seems innate in him, though, more probably, it is the result of circumstances. We know that he lived long in exile, excluded from enjoying his own works. *Lohengrin* had been given on every stage in Germany before he witnessed a single performance. What torture for an artist, and how the dread lest in his absence his work might be spoilt must have grown to be morbidly habitual! This mania clung to him, tormenting him long after he returned home in triumph. When reading his eternal grumblings, we feel well nigh inclined to believe that he has a fit of trembling every evening and exclaims complainingly, one day: "Ah, they are playing me now in Berlin!" on the next: "Alas, at present, they are mutilating me in Leipzig!" and, on the third: "Avenging Heaven, they now have me on the rack in Vienna!" Such a state of mind must excite the deepest sympathy. Despite his fame, an artist with such a disposition is always a martyr. He knows but one ardent wish: To hear his piece, and but one pang: To have it performed.

We have seen in what way Richard Wagner hopes to render the existing brilliantly wretched state of things more supportable. He will if possible get the performances up himself, he will be invited, and, moreover, "properly" invited, "properly" being an adverb concerning which the financial authorities of the Imperial Operahouse might supply certain details, and, "though becoming more and more difficult as to what invitations he accepts," he might have gone to Vienna, had he been duly requested to do so. Next to the wish of hearing his work, there can be nothing more natural for an author and composer than the wish to hear it given according to his own notion and to direct the performance himself. We should be the last to reproach Wagner with the fact that this desire is very intense in his case; we would merely point out that it is not so strongly marked in all cases.

While Richard Wagner would be invited, properly and duly, there is nothing Franz Liszt tries harder to avoid; and, if he does attend a performance, it is on the condition that he shall be allowed as much quiet and seclusion as possible. He will do anything for fame except make a noise. (!) Of Herbeck's capabilities and the resources at his disposal Liszt does not entertain the slightest doubt: "I place the direction" (of *Prometheus*) "with the fullest confidence entirely in your hands. You have already everywhere hit on the right thing, and, with your artists, have avoided shipwreck from the various difficulties of the dissonances introduced into the work and the pathetic style which in some places is absolutely necessary." He would, he says, be very glad to come and enjoy the "intelligence and enthusiasm" which Herbeck brings to his task, but still he appears quite as willing to stop away: "I beg you, therefore, not to induce the concert-directors to invite me, simply because I might not be in a position to answer with excuses. Do you, therefore, undertake the duty of *unbinding Prometheus* in Vienna; such a Herculean labour suits you well. There are, it is true, no mighty eagles to tear and rend the Titan's liver—but there are a whole host of ravens and whimpering vermin instead!" It is easy to guess who is meant. In this one point, dislike of public opinion as uttered by the press, both composers agree. Both betray how sensitive they are to any kind of criticism, and how tenaciously they remember every word of censure. "Whether the stomach of the critics and the public," writes Liszt one day, "will be able to digest the liver of my Prometheus, after it has been so lacerated by the vulture, or whether at the very first bars—the composer here writes out, at full length, in notes, his example of musical anatomy—"all will be lost, is something I cannot decide; still less, however, would I inflict on you aught superfluously disagreeable by the performance of my 'tone-daub,' of which people spoke ill from the very first!" He is, indeed, in no hurry to be performed, and "can very quietly allow the gabble about his *unsuccesful mania for composition* to pursue its course." We know this kind of pride on the part of artists. With Wagner it is expressed much more impolitely; he despised the press, he once said here in Vienna. Poor Immortals! They storm against the workshop where their immortality is woven, line for line! Where would their

* From the Vienna Neue Freie Presse.

fame be, but for the press! A light burning in a cellar! A silent piano, with stringless keys!

That the presence of the composer himself cannot fail to be advantageous to his work is a matter of course. In the following letter, of the 10th October, 1870, from Wagner, the professional man will certainly find hints of value, even at the present day:

"Dear Sir and Friend:—Receive my best thanks for your good news. Unfortunately, it has been possible only once even for me to have *Lohengrin* given quite correctly—at least, as regards the *tempo*—and I could wish to have had the opportunity of doing so at some time or other in Vienna. On the whole, Esser hurried the *tempo* very frequently: Elsa and Ortrud, "In trüber Einsamkeit des Waldes"—were taken nearly twice as fast as they should be; this is an old—and not a good—Viennese custom, very prejudicial to any piece, as, for instance, to the Bride's Song (in the third act). On the other hand, I missed the necessary fire in the active *tempo*, where there is excited dialogue, as, for example, after the slow movement of the second *finale* (which, moreover, was senselessly cut), where *Lohengrin* and Friedrich reply to each other; here and in similar places there was too much four-fouring, which made everything halt, and robbed even the passages in sixths of the violins of their fire. On such occasions we should boldly take *alla breve*!

"Perhaps, by the way, you will kindly bear these slight hints in mind.

"I am very glad you have at length arranged the *Rienzi* matter. But Vienna will always be very materially behindhand with me, if you cannot get me the same dues for *all* my operas; this would certainly be very honourable and duly acknowledged by me. At present, I suspect, quite involuntarily, that the management will always keep back my operas on which the author's fees have to be paid, and that undue preference will be given to *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and the *Fliegender Holländer* over the *Meistersinger*, and, later on, *Rienzi*. This ought to be rectified, and then for once in my life I should have reason to be pleased."

The conclusion of the letter refers to an episode which is a model instance of the arbitrary injustice to which intellectual property used to be subjected. Many years previously, Wagner disposed of three of his operas, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and *Der Fliegender Holländer*, to the Vienna Intendancy for a merely nominal sum. He was, at the period in question, greatly pressed for means, and they of the Kärntnerthor-Theater knew how to coin money out of the empty pockets of a German artist. The above operas were among the most profitable ones in the repertory. In France, where respect for intellectual property is of far older date, what justice demanded would have been quickly done: the management would not have haggled for a long time with the composer and stood upon their written rights, but allowed him without more ado his share of the golden harvest. In France, it is an every-day occurrence for a publisher who has made an unexpectedly great success with a work voluntarily to send the author an extra honorarium, often amounting to ten, twenty, or fifty thousand francs.* How much more would an Operahouse, which is half a Government institution, feel bound to repay an unexpected success in an unexpected manner, quite apart from the fact that a French theatrical manager is forbidden to enter into negotiations with an author for the purpose of obtaining work at less than the legal regulation price! The Society of Dramatic Authors would instantly invoke the law against such an abuse. How different is it unfortunately with us! Wagner had received his wretched pittance for operas which were daily bringing in thousands of thalers. He had no formal right to ask for more, but he most assuredly had a higher right, which would never have been disputed among justly minded-men. In Vienna he had to battle for it a long time. Herbeck could not prevail on the Intendant, Baron Münch-Bellinghausen, though the latter was himself an author, to recognize Wagner's demand. The Intendant, probably, was merely following the lead of higher authorities, who—for we will not reproach even them—were still under the influence of the spirit reigning in olden days when the expression, "intellectual property," was something utterly unintelligible, and when the German dramatist was looked on as a poor fellow who must be satisfied with a few florins. People do not break all at once with such traditions. Wagner has something to say on this head. Springing over all intermediate representations, he at last applied, in a cutting letter, wherein he

expounded his case with as much subtlety as the best barrister would have done, to the Lord High-Chamberlain. Three months later (10th June, 1871), in a letter to Herbeck he returns to the charge:

"I have to inform you that, some three months since, I felt impelled to address directly by letter his serene Highness, Prince Hohenlohe, Lord High-Chamberlain of His Majesty the Emperor, with regard to the subject, which I had long previously brought under your notice, of the author's rights claimed by me for my old operas, *Der fliegende Holländer*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*, which have been re-performed in the new Imperial and Royal Operahouse. It was no easy thing for me to witness in cold blood the literal realization of my fears, and to see that my *Meistersinger*, on which it was necessary to pay the *tantième*,* had, despite the crowds that previously flocked to the earlier performances, entirely disappeared from the repertory of the Imperial Operahouse, while, on the other hand, the three older operas for which there was nothing to disburse, were continually represented to splendid receipts. After these had long since repaid the modest honorarium awarded to them ten and twelve years previously, it would at once have been an obligation of honour for the Imperial management, in acknowledgment of such extraordinarily good service, voluntarily to offer me, when got up afresh and performed in the new theatre, they were likely to bring in large additional sums, the same advantages as for recent works. From the time they were given in Vienna, these operas have uninterruptedly brought me in my *tantième* at the Court Theatre, Berlin, and will do so for ten years after my death, and I am expected to forego this *tantième* from the Imperial Theatre simply because there was once a wretched building capable of holding very little money, and this fact was put forth as excuse for the obligation the management felt under of refusing me my fair claim. I considered such a course so unjust that I naturally expected a favourable hearing from the princely gentleman to whose keeping is confided the honour of the Imperial institution. Moreover, while drawing his attention to a manifest wrong, I pointed out that, though possessing no formal right, I appealed to his higher sense of justice in asking for my three older operas, since their revival at the new Operahouse, the same *tantième* as for *Die Meistersinger* and *Rienzi*. By this I fancy I expressed plainly enough that I should never have preferred such a request to the manager of a theatre carried on as a mere speculation, but that I did expect from an official personage of rank the gracious consideration of my case as absolutely a matter of honour. To my deep regret, however, I was advised that such consideration could only be accorded in the usual way of business, and as according to the report of the Intendant General things were not over-brilliant at the Imperial Operahouse, the payment of a *tantième* for such works as had no legal claim ought, in the opinion of his Serene Highness, to be refused.

"I cannot help thinking that there must have been a misunderstanding here, because, when writing to His Serene Highness, I in no way found my case on the brilliant business-management of the Intendant-Generals, but on the brilliant receipts my operas had realized for them—thus appealing to a judgment very different from that founded upon the embarrassment of the high official above-mentioned. As now, in consequence of Baron v. Münch-Bellinghausen's death, a new Intendant will probably be appointed, I am exceedingly anxious that someone should prevail on His Serene Highness, the Lord High-Chamberlain, again to give my request his serious consideration. May I beg you, therefore, much respected friend, to bring my case, about which I am exceedingly in earnest, in the way you think fittest, once more under the notice of the proper authority. In asking this, I believe I have applied to the right man, since you, as chief representative of artistic honour at the Imperial Operahouse, will be best entitled to judge how far that honour is really concerned in the matter. If my request is not granted, it cannot be denied that I shall not only be condemned to a loss as unjust as it is serious, but that I shall be inspired with suspicion which must prevent me from having any future dealings with this theatre. Suppose a new piece of mine were such a success elsewhere that the management of the Imperial Operahouse felt bound to produce it, I should feel compelled to withhold consent, because I should either have to give it without a *tantième*, so as to be sure of its being kept in the bills as much as those operas of mine for which no *tantième* was paid, or, if I insisted on a *tantième*, it would be as much neglected as is now *Die Meistersinger*, which has long disappeared from the repertory. From such a fate I must protect my future operas, and, therefore, I declare to you most positively that, should my claim not be granted in its entirety, the Imperial Operahouse shall never have another work of mine for performance."

* An instance of this, please.—Dr. Blügg.

* Author's and composer's fees.

HOW AN ARTIST SHOULD BE TREATED.

(From the "Ménestrel.")

We confided last Sunday to our readers the piece of theatrical intelligence which crossed the Channel under cover of the *De Retz* Correspondence (our London "Agence Havas"). The two Italian theatres in London have been amalgamated. It is stated, moreover, that the Academy of Music, New York, is already connected with them by lyrical cable, and that several other large theatres are preparing to follow the example thus set and enter the combination. Under the circumstances, artists are interested in knowing what kind of man they may expect to find in Mr Ernest Gye, managing-director of the Society of the United Theatres.

Having received one day last month a pressing request, by electric telegraph, to do the Covent Garden Management the service of singing Don Juan within four-and-twenty hours, Bouhy, the barytone, though indisposed, and though there was a storm raging, embarked at Boulogne! Ten hours of rough sea! . . . The result was that, on reaching London, he found himself not in a very fit state to go on the stage. He sent word of this to Mr Gye, though still putting himself at that gentleman's disposition in case of absolute necessity. The Manager sent back his warmest thanks and the assurance that he would not compromise an artist whose zeal had impelled him to cross the Channel under such unfavourable conditions. Some weeks afterwards Mr Gye asked M. Bouhy whether he would consent to sing the part of the Count in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, though it had been stipulated he should make his first appearance in Boito's *Mefistofele*. The barytone expressed his deep regret at not being able to come out as Mephistopheles, the part agreed on, but, at the same time, declared he was at the orders of the Management. More thanks from Mr Gye, who again postponed M. Bouhy's first appearance. But the season advances with rapid strides and is not long in London. One fine morning Bouhy, who had not sung at all, received, to his great surprise, an invitation to call in at the Treasury. He found there Mr Gye, who shook hands with him and said: "My dear Monsieur Bouhy, we must renounce for this year the notion of getting up Boito's *Mefistofele*, though we agreed to pay you £600 for singing in it this season. Will you sign for next season an engagement by which you will receive £1,000? But this is not all. We could not think of making you come to London for nothing. What compensation would you consider satisfactory?" "Fix the amount yourself," replied Bouhy, graciously. "Is this cheque for £320 sufficient?" It is hardly necessary to add that the cheque was gratefully accepted and that Bouhy signed most cheerfully for the season of 1882.

The conversation did not last more than five minutes. As we see, the Manager of Covent Garden is an eminently practical man and thorough gentleman.

At the Grand Opera in Paris they continue "ringing the changes" on *Hamlet*, the *Prophète*, the *Tribut de Zamora*, and the ballet, *La Korrigane*, with Rossini's sparkling *Conte Ory* as an occasional refresher.

MR A. GWYLLYM CROWE'S Promenade Concerts in Covent Garden Theatre begin this evening. The vocalists announced are Misses Warnots, Marriott, M. Williams, J. Sherrington, Mary Davies, Orridge, and Damian, Mesdames Osgood, Samuel, Mary Cummings, and Sterling; Messrs McGuokin, Boyle, Abercrombie, Wilford Morgan, Foli, Oswald, Thurley Beale, Foote, and King. Mr Carrodus will be leader and solo violin, Mr Radcliffe principal flute, Mr Hughes Ophicleide, and Mr Howard Reynolds cornet, Miss Bessie Richards and Mr R. Rickard representing the piano-forte. The Coldstream Guards' band, under Mr Thomas, is engaged. The Floral Hall is to be lit up by electricity, and smoking allowed (!).

MR WEIST HILL, at the Promenade Concerts in Hengler's Cirque, has revived the "Humorous Nights" which were so much to the public taste last year, at the Covent Garden Concerts, under the direction of Mr F. H. Cowen. The programme supplied by Mr Hill is precisely of the same calibre, and includes several of the same pieces, but not one more diverting than the conductor's own grotesquely humorous extravaganza, *Gog and Magog*, which suits his audience better than the "Ninth Symphony."

EMBANKMENT HALL.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")



SIR,—Upon seeing two new theatres being built upon the Thames Embankment, it occurred to me what a good situation it would be for a new hall for oratorios, concerts, &c., especially now that Exeter Hall is lost to the musical world. The only concert hall in London of any size, except the Albert Hall, which, I believe, is found to be too far west to be convenient, is St James's Hall, which is scarcely large enough for some purposes, and the organ is a very small one.

Now, are there not in London a sufficient number of musical men to form a company to build a hall with large orchestra and an organ upon which performances could be given as at Leeds and Liverpool, as we have no such thing in London? It seems to me that such a hall could be built upon the Thames Embankment, with all the necessary means of exit, &c., or, perhaps, the foundation of the proposed Operahouse could be brought into use. At any rate, if you can in any way make this suggestion public you will greatly oblige your obedient servant,

A CONCERT GOER.

London, July 31.

[We hardly grasp the feasibility of this scheme. About its desirability we say nothing. To what good purpose comparatively moderate resources may be put under the general supervision of a conductor whose motto is "discipline," has been convincingly demonstrated at the performances of the Sacred Harmonic in St James's Hall, under the long-experienced direction of Sir Michael Costa. Study, for example, the diagram subjoined, and we shall detect the "residuum," as John Bright, M.P. and fund-administrator for the Duchy of Lancaster, detected the helmetstone at Brighton:—

St. James's Hall.



Exeter Hall.

This, it must be admitted (cheerfully), clenches, if not absolutely clinches, the argument.—Dr Blidge.]



On Change.

DR SHIPPING.—I can't stand firm on Blidge's paradox.

DR QUINCE.—It is slippery. Glide over it.

[Exeunt to Tripolitans.]

PROFESSOR MACFARREN is at York, on a visit to Dr Monk, organist of York Minster.

At the twenty-first session of the Crystal Palace School of Art, Science, and Literature, which closed last Saturday, the Scholarship in Music was awarded to Miss Florence E. Brooker, of Lawrie Park, Sydenham. The examiners were Messrs August Manns, Arthur O'Leary, and George Grove.

ONE of the pieces to be performed in the Cathedral at the approaching Worcester Festival is announced as Cherubini's "Mass in D." As among the twelve registered masses (comprising the Requiems in C minor and D minor), there is only one in D major, which was written by Cherubini in Florence, at the age of thirteen, before he had finished his studies under Felici, and before he became a pupil of Giuseppe Sarti, the choice appears strange. There is another Mass in D minor (No. 5), but no other in D major.

HENRY IRVING HIS SPEECH.

(General Theatrical Fund Dinner, Saturday, July 30.)

"I have to make a speech, which has given me a good deal of sleepless anxiety. When I accepted the position which I have the honour to occupy this evening, I had a pretty strong conviction that I should not be able to say anything about the Royal General Theatrical Fund that had not been heard before, so I thought I would go over the speeches of my illustrious predecessors, and see if there were not some flowers of rhetoric they had left uncultured, or some opening for a quotation their eagle eyes had overlooked, but, as Macbeth says of the dagger, there was 'no such thing.' (Laughter.) Then I read a certain speech delivered from this chair six years ago, and I could not but think what a remarkably fine performance it was. I had half a mind to volunteer it to you as a recitation, but was afraid it might dawn upon some of you the day after to-morrow that Richard was indeed 'himself again'—(laughter)—so I think my condition claims your compassion, especially as I have not acted for two nights, and am consequently somewhat short of words. (Laughter.) Well, to quit the fascinating subject of myself, let me remind you of the claims of this fund upon the public regard. We do not make our appeal with 'bated breath and whispering humbleness.' (Hear, hear.) The actor contributes so much to the general gaiety, gives such a zest to true and honest pleasure, lightens so many hearts often when his own his heavy, that when he is old, past work, infirm, and unfortunate, he has an undoubted title to the brotherly and sisterly kindness of all whom he has again and again sent away from the play refreshed, invigorated, instructed, or amused. (Cheers.) But, then, it is said actors would not want if they were not so improvident. Improvidence if you please, is 'the badge of all our tribe': we are the most careless, spendthrift, happy-go-lucky people on the face of the earth. Some persons are kind enough to say, by way of extenuation, that we are not responsible beings—(laughter)—that we live in a sort of fairyland—that we get so demoralized by pasteboard goblets and property jewellery, that we cannot enter into the realities of life. Of course, no actor was ever known to educate his children, or toil, not only for his own, but for a comrade's daily bread, or show a proud reluctance to appeal for help when overwhelmed with sickness and misfortune! Ah! ladies and gentlemen, judge us by the standard of common humanity, and if one of us ends his career after providing for everybody but himself, and if a chorus of charitable people who, perhaps, never gave a sixpence in their lives cry, 'Oh! the improvidence of these actors!' we simply answer that there is as much integrity, prudence, steady endeavour, and self-respect in our profession as the world ever heard of—as there is in any other section of the community. (Cheers.) Now, the General Theatrical Fund holds out to all who put by but a small amount each year a provision against poverty, and, more than that, ensures them against vicissitudes arising from ill-health or accident, and I think few funds are better or more economically managed. (Hear, hear.) There are no superfluous expenses; no little dinners for the gentlemen of the committee—(laughter)—no extravagant outlay on reams of paper never used, and stacks of quill pens supplying the treasurer with tooth-picks; and, above all, no baronial halls for officials to kick their heels in, and for poor recipients of the fund to spend their days in exchanging reminiscences of the legitimate drama before it began to decline. (Cheers and laughter.) I can fancy I hear some of the annuitants exclaiming, 'Why, what does he mean? We are annuitants; we have subscribed, and are entitled to our annuity. We are not beggars.' No, ladies and gentlemen; far be it from me to point at or suggest anything of the sort; but you should not forget that your fund is not a self-supporting one, and that you are not able to provide for its many claims solely from the members' subscriptions—I mean the subscription of those who will ultimately benefit by the fund. When the actuarial tables were framed, actors' salaries were very different from what they are now. Then your leading man might be receiving the modest emolument of £2 2s. per week, with the necessity of providing himself with hats, shoes, tights, and Heaven knows what. Many of us present know all about that; but now, forsooth, many a dashing young spark, aping a society drawl and possessing a few well-cut suits of

clothes, may obtain his ten guineas (they always ask guineas)—(laughter)—or more in a week, as a representative of what is called society drama. Why, not fifteen years ago, when I made what was really my first appearance in London at a well-known theatre, I was engaged as a leading actor and stage-manager at a salary of £7 per week. I tried for guineas, and they would not give it. Well, I was content, and so was my manager; but I firmly believe now, if I were to apply to any London manager for a similar position, that he would give me double that money. Things have so altered. And, as the salaries of actors have so largely increased, so, in a fair proportion, should the subscriptions; and I believe they will. (Cheers.) Yet we shall still want the co-operation of the public and of our brothers in art, who are interested in this noble fund. I make these remarks with the more impartiality, not being a subscribing member myself. (A laugh.) I tried very hard once to maintain that proud distinction; but after scraping together about 13s. 4d.—by dint of a self-denial which now fills me with amazement and wonder—I allowed my subscription to lapse, and am now in the sad position that, no matter what befalls, I cannot claim the benefits of the fund. (Laughter.) I mention this only by way of encouragement to those gentlemen who intend giving 50 or 100 guineas each (I see many of them, I fancy, around the table), because they can never hope to get anything out of the charity, and their disinterestedness is therefore all the more Christian-like and delightful. This point should have no small interest for our foreign comrades in art, who have visited us in goodly numbers during the past two years, and who have received, I am proud to say, a most hearty welcome. That welcome could not have been better deserved, and it is all the more gratifying to us, as it seems to foreshadow the time when the English stage may disappear altogether; and as the Theatrical Fund will then be transformed into a society for the aid of foreigners in distress, it is pleasing to think that it has received such substantial help from many of our foreign comrades in art, so that when they take it over it may be even in a more flourishing condition than it is at present. (Laughter.) And now I have almost done; but before I sit down I would draw your attention to the extraordinary influence which the stage has upon society at large, and remembering this, I would, upon this ground alone, seek your support for such a society as this. In the practice of our art we win if we can—if we fail we have 'only our shame and the odd hits'—and whether we fail or not, the breath of applause or the murmurs of censure are alike short-lived, and our longest triumphs are almost as brief as either. Our lives are fraught with many temptations, and should be solaced by the thoughtfulness, brightened by the encouragement, and softened by the liberal estimation of the public; for we actors have in charge a trust and a deposit of enormous value, such as no dead hand can treasure. (Cheers.) The living voice, the vivid action, the tremulous passion, the animated gesture, the subtle and variously placed suggestion of character and meaning—these alone can make Shakspeare to your children what Shakspeare is to you. Such is our birthright, and such is yours, and I commend to you the toast of 'Prosperity to the Royal General Theatrical Fund.' (Loud cheers.)

HENRY IRVING HIS (SECOND) SPEECH.

(Same occasion.)

"I am very grateful for the cordiality with which you have received this toast, and for the earnest words of my old friend who has proposed it. I only hope that one-half of the pleasant things he has said about me may be true. Ladies and Gentlemen, I make no claim upon your consideration, except that of one who, whatever the results, has, at all events, laboured earnestly for his art. Mistakes may have been made—none of us can hope to avoid them altogether—but there has, I trust, been no unworthy aim—nothing of which any lover of the English stage need be ashamed. There is a charge, to which I suppose I must plead guilty—and that is, that I have not in everything shown an absolute deference to tradition. I do not know that there is any special reason that a man should boast that he has done his work in what he honestly believes to be the right way. But about tradition I venture to say this—that it was all very well for those who invented

it, but is simply injurious to those who merely imitate it. If a conception is not part of a man's own brain—if it is not the impulse of his own creative faculty—then it cannot bear that stamp of individuality without which there can be no true art. (Hear, hear.) Michael Angelo and Raphael may vary in their conception of the character they so loved to paint, as a Garrick and a Kean in their conception of Hamlet or Macbeth. It is difficult at all times to struggle against the idea some people have of the way in which Shakspeare's tragedy ought to be represented. If you do not assume a ponderous manner, and let even your whispers be like muttered thunder, you are said to be reducing poetry to the level of commonplace conversation. I think Shakspeare has himself given us definite instructions on this point; and if the actor only learns to hold the mirror up to nature, he may be assured that the great purpose of playing is accomplished. I do not lay the flattering unction to my soul that I have done this. I am an eccentric creature, who has somehow stumbled into the dramatic profession, to which I have clung with mistaken tenacity for twenty-five years; but I do my best to afford a little entertainment to the public, and I shall hold on as long as the great English public care to come and see me." (Cheers.)

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA HIS SPEECH.

"I have somewhere read that an illustrious statesman, who was likewise a fluent rhetorician, once remarked that he considered an after-dinner speech to be one of the most arduous and difficult flights of oratory imaginable, inasmuch as it was, as a general rule, about nothing at all. Bowing with deference to this dictum, I may be permitted to express my humble opinion that the art of speechmaking, under all and any circumstances, is painful and difficult—to all, at least, who are not born orators, as Brutus was, and as the majority of Irishmen are. Speaking for myself, I can, in all seriousness and sincerity, say that, whether the speech which I have had to deliver has been perpetrated after dinner or before dinner, or, as frequently happens in the earlier stages of one's career, without any prospect, within 'measurable distance,' of dinner at all, I have never begun my exordium without experiencing a sensation of nervous terror; I have never pursued my argument without undergoing mental and bodily anguish; I have never concluded my peroration—ah! blissful word, it should be as soothing to the speaker and his hearers as 'that blessed word Mesopotamia'—I have never brought my observations to a close without a feeling of positive exultation. There are a good many ways of preparing yourself for the utterance of a speech in public. You may learn it by heart, and repeat it over and over again in the solitude of your study, the servants in the lower regions thinking you are quarrelling with your wife, or that you have gone mad; or you may recite it in the middle of Hampstead Heath, to the admiration of the distant donkey-boys and the somewhat suspicious perplexity of the park-keepers, who are not quite certain as to whether they ought not to take you into custody for preaching in the open air; or you may run down by an early train to Brighton, and 'spout' your speech to the sad sea waves until it is time to run back again to town, to assume the sable livery of woe called evening dress, and surrender yourself to the adamant chains and penal fires of a public dinner. (Great laughter.) You are letter perfect in your speech about the time the soup is being served. You are not quite so certain about your being letter perfect when the iced-pudding makes its appearance; and when, ultimately, the fatal voice of the toast-master bids you rise, and, trembling and perspiring, you begin your speech, you find that you have forgotten all about it! Or 'another way,' as Mrs Glasse would say. You may write out your speech on a number of little squares of paper, holding them, neatly arranged, in the hollow of your hand, and glancing at the slips in a crafty manner as you speak, and slyly turning them over. This is not by any means a bad system, unless, as it will happen with melancholy frequency, you find slip five followed by slip fifteen, and that by slip nine—when the result is collapse. (Great laughter.) Finally, there is the rough-and-ready way—the Homeric way—of plunging at once in *medias res*, thrusting your hands in your pockets, fixing your eyes on and levelling your voice at an imaginary old lady with a crimson turban and a bird-of-pa-

raise feather in it at the opposite extremity of the hall, and simply saying what comes into your head. Thus, I am simply making as articulate as I am able to do certain crude and blundering thoughts of mine when I say that I rejoice from the bottom of my heart to find myself a guest in this hall to-night, and to be called upon by the accomplished president of the evening, my dear friend, Henry Irving, to return thanks for the toast of 'Literature and Art.' We know that the connection between literature and art is close, constant, and affectionate, while the love between literature and the stage was never stronger than it is at the present time. As with a fable so with a speech, it is never complete without a moral, and the moral of my speech is that you should support the Royal General Theatrical Fund with all the power of which you are capable." (Cheers.)

Mignon has been given at the Sala Beethoven, Barcelona, with Galli-Marié, the original, in the leading character.

THE Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone has forwarded £10 towards the fund for the endowment of a permanent scholarship for Wales at the Royal Academy of Music, which fund is being raised by Mr John Thomas ("Pencerdd Gwalia"), harpist to Her Majesty the Queen.

THE TREBELLI-MUSIN CONCERTS.—(From a Correspondent.)—The first concert which was at Malmö in Sweden, opposite Copenhagen, was a great success. Although held in a church, the audience applauded Trebelli, Musin, and Ghiblerti, loudly; all the party, indeed, were extremely well received. On the 26th ult., a concert was given at Ulricehamn, on Lake Wenner. The fact of its also taking place in a church did not prevent the same demonstrations of approval. Trebelli had never been at Ulricehamn before, so the performance was a great event. On leaving the station, a crowd of people came to see the party off, cheering, waving handkerchiefs, and throwing flowers to Trebelli. On the 27th an evening concert at Lidköping was so successful that another was announced on the following morning. Faure's duet, "Crucifix," sung by Trebelli and Ghiblerti, has had a marked success. After the morning performance the party travelled to Skövde, arrived at 5 p.m., and gave a concert there at 7—this time *not* in a church. The room was crammed and more than a hundred persons had to be refused admission, space being limited. The programme pleased generally, and "La ci darem," sung by Trebelli and Ghiblerti, was one of the genuine hits of the evening. Tito Mattei's "Patria," sung by Ghiblerti, was much applauded. The tour up to this time has been a complete success, by no means the least attraction being the brilliant violin playing of M. Musin.

TORQUAY.—(From a correspondent.)—The subjoined complimentary letter about a recent pianoforte performance by our esteemed townsman, Mr Charles Fowler, may be read with some interest by your English subscribers:—

"SIR,—I was present at the Winter Garden concert of Saturday, July 23rd, and having read the critique thereon in your issue of July 27th, I am induced to offer a few additional remarks on the performance of the great Concerto, in D minor, of Mendelssohn. I think full justice should be awarded Mr Charles Fowler and the members of the orchestra for the great pleasure they gave to all present. Mr Fowler's reputation as a pianist in the West of England and in London is so well known, that a good reading of the concerto on his part was to be expected as a matter of course. It was more than a good reading. It was really a splendid performance, and worthy of any of the great pianists now before the public. The first movement, *allegro appassionato*, was taken at the full pace, and kept up with unflagging spirit to the end. In the lovely *adagio* Mr Fowler played with perfect expression, and fairly moved his audience by the delicious tones he brought from the fine Broadwood piano. In the last movement, *presto scherzando*, Mr Fowler played with a spirit and dash which I have never heard surpassed. The impression left on me was that I had heard a very fine performance of a great composition. The piano and orchestra went together as one instrument, Mr Clinton, the conductor, and Mr Greebe, the leader, deserving unqualified praise for their masterly management of the excellent little orchestra under their care.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

"ONE OF THE AUDIENCE."

I also was present, and can endorse the opinion of "One of the Audience."

C. K.

CARL ROSA'S ENGLISH OPERATIC COMPANY.

(From the "Liverpool Mercury," Aug. 31.)

A refutation was given at the Alexandra on Monday to the belief sometimes yet expressed that "English opera is on the decline," and that there is a difficulty to procure vocalists—especially natives—for its suitable representation. The Carl Rosa Company opened with *Mignon*, and seldom has the theatre been graced with a more brilliant assembly, or credited with a more interesting performance. Not only were the fashionable places filled, but the pit and gallery—the backbone and truest criterion of success—were packed by an audience at once enthusiastic and appreciative. *Mignon* is an opera which not only hits public taste, but has charms for dilettanti; and its representation on Monday night was invested with especial interest in consequence of its being the occasion of Mr Barton McGuckin making his operatic debut in Liverpool. This talented young singer is favourably known in the concert-room, and his reception at the Liverpool Philharmonic is always most flattering. It was therefore expected that he would distinguish himself in opera, and his appearance as Wilhelm justified the high anticipations formed of him. Historically and vocally it was an undoubted success, and it is unquestionable that in Mr McGuckin Mr Rosa has secured a valuable addition to the lyric stage. At first Mr McGuckin displayed a little nervousness, which was natural in so trying an ordeal; but as the opera went on he became more self-possessed, and displayed the ease and confidence of a veteran. He was in fine voice, and his rendering of "Farewell, take courage," as well as of the romance, "In her simplicity," was well-nigh irreproachable. He was no less happy in the concerted passages, and at the end of each act received the unmistakable approval of the audience. Miss Julia Gaylord, as *Mignon*, established those qualities which have made her representation of the part celebrated. At times her acting was intensely forcible, but always natural, while her vocalization was most finished and brilliant. Her rendering of "Knowest thou that dear land?" was enthusiastically applauded. Miss Georgina Burns's Filina was a finished and artistic performance, and the other parts—especially Lothario (Mr. Leslie Crotty) and Laertes (Mr. Charles Lyall, "the inimitable")—were assumed with rare merit. Altogether the performance was a musical and dramatic treat, and shows that when opera is produced with the completeness which marks Mr Rosa's management, and mounted with the taste and liberality displayed by Mr Saker on the present occasion, the Liverpool public will liberally support it.



The centenary of the Teatro Sociale, Gorizia, is to be celebrated with the performance of a part, if not the whole, of Anfossi's opera, *I Viaggiatori*, with which the building was opened a hundred years ago. Pasquale Anfossi (a Neapolitan), Piccini's favourite but ungrateful pupil, was composer of the operas, *Il Curioso indiscreto* and *Le Gelosie fortunate*, for which, when produced in Vienna (1783, 1788), Mozart wrote several additional pieces.

BAD SCHWALBACH.—(From a Correspondent).—This fashionable watering-place is full of distinguished visitors, England, America and Russia, contributing the largest number. As in former years, the performances of the Cur-capelle, under music-director Franz Riedl, are one of its chief attractions. Recent programmes included Rossini's overture to *La Gazza Ladra*, a march by Hermann entitled *Spring greeting*; Charles Oberthür's overture to *Floris von Nemür*; cavatina from *La Sonnambula*; "Paula Polka," by Fr. Riedl; Beethoven's overture to *Egmont*; Schubert's "Serenade"; Oberthür's overture to *Rubezahl*; march and finale to *Aida*; and at a concert at the Cursaal, on July 28th, the following pieces were given.—March from *The Queen of Saba*, by Gounod; overture to *Hunyady Laszlo*, Eskel; "Virgo Maria," Oberthür; and *Fantasia on Lucrezia Borgia*.

A LAST WORD ABOUT EVANS'S.

Evans's has been gradually disappearing, now it has gone. So too, alas! have vanished the days of our boyhood when, on the evenings of the Public School Matches, we in Eton jackets visited Paddy Green, and were treated to potatoes in their jackets too, which latter were not eaten. Talking of the skins reminds us of the celebrated Skinner, model of head-waiters, standing at the door in his shirt-sleeves, and conducting a strict and searching inquiry in the following style:—

"What have you had, Sir?" "A chop and potatoes," replied the guest. "Chop and potatoes, two-and-three. Any stout?" "Yes," the guest would reluctantly admit, "I had a glass or two of stout." "Two stouts is eight, chop and potatoes three-and-two, and eight is four-and-four," said Skinner with the rapidity of a calculating boy. "Any liquors—brandy, whiskey?" Here the guest would hesitate, and then it occurred to him that he had had two glasses of whiskey. "And water?" demanded Skinner, severely, as if it were no good attempting to deceive him. "Yes, and water," replied the guest, quite alarmed at his questioner's intimate knowledge of his doings. Skinner went ahead faster than ever. "Chop and potatoes, four-and-three; two stouts—eight, five-and-four; two whiskeys-and-water, that's eight-and-four; and,"—as an after-thought,—"any bread?" "No," the victim would reply, triumphantly, as though he had him there, and he was wrong for once. "No, no bread." "No bread," echoed Skinner. "That's nine-and-two exactly. Half-a-sovereign? Thank you, sir; much obliged. Good-night, sir," and the guest was pushed forward by the eager crowd of customers waiting to settle with the indefatigable Mr Skinner.

Funny place in old times was Evans's; the supper was good of its kind, the comic singing was not the best of its kind; but the real harmonies of the evening, "The Hardy Norseman," "The Chough and Crow," "My Gabrielle," sung by the choristers, men and boys, were most enjoyable. When Eve was allowed to enter that Paradise, there was an end of the little Evans's below.—Punch.

A SUBTLE DISTINCTION.

JONES (of an inquiring mind).—"Ain't you getting tired of hearing people say, 'That is the beautiful Miss Belsize?'"

MISS BELSIZE (professional beauty).—"Oh no, I'm getting tired of hearing people say, 'Is that the beautiful Miss Belsize?'"

Punch.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS.—Her Majesty's Theatre is now once more occupied by a numerous company, enrolled under the above designation, with the distinctive peculiarity that on the present occasion the "minstrels" are genuine "Blacks," from the Southern States of America. If any safe arguery can be drawn from the enjoyment manifested on Saturday night by the vast assemblage which, soon after the opening of the doors, filled every part of the house, the entertainment will be found suitable to the taste of metropolitan amusement-seekers. Sixty in number—one-third composed of women, who, in characteristic costumes, form a picturesque background when the stage is arranged for the first section of the programme—the troupe will be found to include singers of real ability, while the advantage of well-trained female voices is shown in the choruses so effectively harmonized. Many of the songs and anecdotal interludes are serio-comic ballads; but an air of novelty is imparted by freshness of style in the performers. The songs were encored in nearly every instance, but none more fairly than "Golden Slippers," a pretty melody, composed and sung by Mr James A. Bland, and closing with some dexterous movements by the rest of the company, who, rapidly changing their various positions, exhibited both accuracy of ear and nimbleness of limb. A brief interlude, called *Farm-yard Frolics*, introduces an extraordinary performance by Mr Robert Mack, who, appearing as a gigantic turkey, imitates with ludicrous effect the action of a barn-door fowl seeking for food. After a song, called "The Hen Convention," Mr Mack engages in a droll encounter with a diminutive live bantam, educated in a variety of accomplishments. When the scene changes to a steamboat landing on the Mississippi river the resources of the company are further displayed in a variety of plantation-songs and dances, and the pastimes of the negro race are illustrated in a manner likely both to create interest and afford amusement.

WAIFS.

Professor Macfarren's address, after the distribution of prizes by Lady F. Cavendish to successful students at the Royal Academy of Music, must have been gratifying to the friends of that still progressing institution, containing as it did, among other statements, one to the effect that at no former period of its career was the number of pupils so large.

A correspondence between Richard Wagner and the late Johann Herbeck (Hans Richter's predecessor as chief conductor of the Vienna Imperial Operahouse), now publishing in the *Neue Freie Presse*, of the Austrian capital, *à propos* to the production of *Die Meistersinger*, under Herbeck's direction, is interesting, as exhibiting in strong relief a peculiarity in the individuality of Wagner, not calculated to encourage the ardour of any but those blindly devoted worshippers who, in the man as in his works, extol the most glaring faults as virtues. A translation of this correspondence appears from week to week in the *Musical World*, for the benefit of those who do not read German, and rarely, if ever, see a copy of the Viennese paper.—*Graphic*.

Adelina Patti is at Aix-les-Bains.—(*Connu.*—*Dr Blügg.*)

Franz Rummel, the pianist, has been stopping in Brussels.

Teresina Singer lately gave a concert at the Theatre, Girgenti.

Bottesini is at Naples, armed with double-bass and new opera.

The Teatro del Fondo, Naples, will re-open with *La Forza del Destino*.

It is proposed to supersede gas by the electric light at the Teatro Regio, Turin.

The Scalvini Operetta Company return this month to the Teatro Fossati, Milan.

The tenor Talazac was to sing at Cauterets twice in Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*.

Alaric, oratorio by G. Vierling, has been performed at Frankenthal, in the Palatinate.

Count Eberhard von Württemberg is writing the music of an operetta entitled *Thilda*.

A two-act buffo opera, *Il Castello incantato*, is in preparation at the Teatro Reynach, Parma.

A new Theatre, the Brooklyn Grand Operahouse, will shortly be built at Brooklyn, New York.

Dinorah is to be given next season in Berlin, where it has never yet been performed. (Poor Meyerbeer!)

Christine Nilsson and her husband are drinking the waters at Vichy.—(For waters read wines.—*Dr Blügg.*)

Dr Ferdinand Ludwig has left London for a four months' visit to his family seat at Königstein, near Wiesbaden.

Freudenberg's opera, *Kleopatra*, will be the first novelty of the winter season at the Ducal Theatre, Wiesbaden.

Albert Vizontini is at Etretat, engaged on his programme for the next Italian season in St Petersburg and Moscow.

Prévost, the new tenor of the Château d'Eau, Paris, has signed a three years' engagement for America with Mr Mapleson.

The baritone Aldighieri (once of Her Majesty's Theatre), is engaged for the Carnival and Lent season at the Scala, Milan.

Franz Liszt, Emperor-pianist of the "advanced school," has completely recovered from the effects of his recent accident at Weimar.

Vieuxtemps is reported to have left an unpublished grand three-act opera.—(Report sustains its reputation for veracity.—*Dr Blügg.*)

Saint-Saëns' *Etienne Marcel*, (originally produced at Lyons) will be performed in the autumn at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels.

There is a report that Mdle Valleria, is to succeed Mad. Fursch-Madier at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels.—(What says Carl Rosa?—*Dr Blügg.*)

From Barcelona, Mad. Galli-Marié proceeds to Dieppe and will appear as Mignon and Carmen. In the autumn she will sing the same parts at Genoa.

Delaborde, the French pianist, has declined the directorship, formerly held by Nicholas Rubinstein (brother of Anton), of the Moscow Conservatory.

Wagner's *Lohengrin* has been given twice to crowded houses at Amsterdam, with Miss Minnie Hauk as Elsa.—(When? Miss Hauk is now at Blankenburg.—*Dr Blügg.*)

Henri Ketten, the pianist, lately terminated a very successful concert tour in Australia. It is said he has "realised" £20,000 by his expedition.—(*Credat, &c.*—*Dr Blügg.*)

Léon Jehin is appointed conductor at the Theatre Royal, Antwerp, but will visit Brussels three times a week, to lecture as usual at the Conservatory of which he is a professor.

The report that Auguste Coadès, composer of "La Belle Bourbonnaise," had died in a madhouse was incorrect. It is his brother—also the inmate of a lunatic asylum—who is dead.

Mad. Caroline Salla, the leading star at the Italian Opera, St Petersburg, is taking a holiday at Bagnères-de-Luchon. She is engaged for the autumn season at the Scala, Milan.

Mdme Albani is expected to open the season in Berlin at the Royal Operahouse with a series of special performances, to be followed by a tour through the principal German towns.

The Operahouse at Syracuse, State of New York, with a large number of the surrounding edifices, has been destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at £60,000. There was, happily, no loss of life.

Entering the room suddenly, he discovered the proprietor of the art-gallery signing ———'s name to a miserable daub of a landscape. "What are you doing, you scoundrel!" he exclaimed indignantly. "Oh," replied the dealer, "the family have given me a power of attorney."

The success of the New York Grand Musical Festival, under the superintendence of Dr Damrosch, in May last, was so great, in a financial sense at least, that the necessary funds have already been secured for another on the same scale, of which Mr Theodor Thomas is to be the conductor.

The Municipality of Rome has granted a subvention of 140,000 francs to the Teatro Apollo. The old subvention of 180,000 was considered small enough, and an increase was looked forward to by friends of the establishment, instead of the decrease, which created lively and general dissatisfaction.

The musical arrangements at the Royal General Theatrical Fund dinner, on Saturday, were under the direction of Mr Wilhelm Ganz; Messrs Sims Reeves, Herbert Reeves, and Maybrick, Misses de Fonblanque, Poole, and Helen D'Alton being the vocalists, Mr Sidney Naylor presiding at the piano.

C. H. Bitter, the enthusiastically musical Prussian Minister of Finance, has presented to the library about establishing for the students at St Thomas's School, Leipsic, copies of his *History of Oratorio*, with the *Biographies* of J. S. Bach and his most eminent sons (Friedemann and Philip Emanuel).

THE WATER-FAMINE IN PARIS (*Reflections of a Parisian*).—We have a Water-Famine.—Paris thirsts.—When Paris thirsts all the world is thirsty.—*C'est terrible!—Mais c'est magnifique!*—The Municipal Administration counsels one not to waste water.—It arrives then that I do not wash myself.—*N'importe!*—I will cheerfully sacrifice myself for the good of my country!—*Punch.*

SCHOOL BOARD BOY.—"Magna Charta was ordered by the King to be beheaded. He fled to Italy, but was captured and executed."—*School Board Boy.*

DISTINGUISHED VISITOR (*asking the boys a few questions in Sacred History*).—"Can you tell me about the plagues of Egypt?"

SMALL BOY (*promptly*).—"Jews, sir."

Punch.

[The jeuce! I didn't know it.—*Dr Blügg.*]

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The test lists for the local examination to be held next Lent have been already issued by the committee. Senior candidates in the pianoforte department may select one of two lists. List A includes Prelude and Fugue in B flat, No. 21 of the 48 Preludes and Fugue, J. S. Bach; Prelude and Caprice in C minor, J. S. Bach; Fugue in F sharp minor, Handel; and Fantasia and Fugue in C, Mozart. List B comprises, Sonata in D, Op. 10, No. 3, Beethoven; Prelude and Fugue in D, Mendelssohn; "Phantasiestücke," Nos. 1 and 2, Schumann; Etude in F, No. 8, Chopin; Tema e Variazioni, Op. 31, Sterndale Bennett. The Junior List—limited to candidates of 16 or under—includes "Echo," J. S. Bach; Allegro, Sarabande, and Passacaille, from Suite in G minor, Handel; Study in E, J. B. Cramer. List B comprises Posthumous Rondo in B flat, Mozart; Sonata No. 1, Op. 14, in E, Beethoven; Rondo in E flat, Op. 62, Weber; Impromptu in A flat, Op. 29, Chopin; and Rondino in E, No. 2, Op. 28, Sterndale Bennett.

BERLIN.—Report says that Mad. Albani is engaged to open the season at the Royal Operahouse with a series of performances, after which she is to make a concert tour through Germany.

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